

*Life of John Coleridge Patteson*, Missionary Bishop of the Melanesian Islands. By Charlotte Mary Yonge. In two volumes. (Macmillan.)—Missionary enterprise forms one of the brightest and most glorious chapters in the history of the Christian Church—the one common ground on which all the sects may stand. It has had its triumphs and its misfortunes, its victories and its defeats, its disciples, apostles, and, alas! its martyrs. In the roll-call of the latter, Coleridge Patteson, first bishop of the Melanesian Islands, takes a foremost place. Never were there more enthusiastic, single-minded, devoted servants of the great cause than Williams, Patteson, and Livingstone. It is well, therefore, that the story of their lives and labours should be told—not only as a record of duty faithfully performed, but as example and encouragement to others. In these two volumes the authoress of the “Heir of Redclyffe” shows herself a most capable biographer. There was comparatively little of incident in the life of Bishop Patteson; nothing, indeed, of an extraordinary character, except his deplorable assassination at the hands of the fanatical Maories; and yet how full of interest is the whole narrative! Briefly enough may the story of his life be related. John Coleridge Patteson was the son of the well-known “Mr. Justice Patteson,” by his second wife, Frances Duke Coleridge, sister of his friend and fellow-barrister, John Taylor Coleridge, nephew of the poet. He was born in Gower Street, Bedford Square, on the 1st of April, 1827. Early showing a taste for reading and languages, he was sent, in his eleventh year, to Eton, where he equally distinguished himself in learning and cricket. He entered as undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1845; passed his college course with credit; in due time took his degrees; made the usual Continental tour, of which he kept a diary; took holy orders, and, in 1853, became curate of Alfringham, a hamlet of the parish of Ottery St. Mary. Up to this time his life had differed little from the lives of other well-educated and well-conducted young men; but, upon making the acquaintance of Bishop Selwyn, a growing desire for missionary work, “which,” he says, “has for years been striving within me, and ought no longer to be resisted,” determined his future career. The next year, therefore, he received ordination as a priest at the hands of Bishop Phillips, in Exeter Cathedral; and in March, 1855, departed for New Zealand, greatly to the grief, though not without the consent, of his father and friends. The scene of his labours was the group of islands in the South Pacific between New Zealand and New Guinea, marked on the maps Loyalty Islands, Solomon’s Islands, and the New Hebrides, but now known as the Melanesians—a group of some seventy islets, included in the Bishopric of New Zealand. Here the definite work of his life began, and here it sadly ended. He landed at Norfolk Island, about half-way between the North Cape of New Zealand and the Isle of Pines, New Caledonia, on the 16th of May, 1856. He soon accommodated himself to his new life. He visited all the islands in the extensive group; he set up his church in the midst of the savages—every one of whom, he says, might, under proper treatment, be a Man Friday; he learned their language, taught their children, and for seventeen years made himself a home among them. He was universally beloved. But the time came when these poor savage men grew to be jealous of their good Bisopé. Trouble

arose; whence no one knew, and none now can tell. The Maori war broke out; and Coleridge Patteson, its first Bishop, became the first martyr of the Melanesian Church. There was a disturbance among the natives. He went ashore at the little island of Nukapa, and was there assassinated—the victim of a fatal mistake, arising out of the suspicions of the islanders as to the designs of the English, then in force in Melanesia. Such is the story of the good Bishop’s life; but the story, even as told by Miss Charlotte Yonge, constitutes but small part of the charm of the biography. That will be found in the extensive correspondence of Coleridge Patteson. He was an indefatigable and entertaining letter-writer. As soon as he got to Eton he began to write to his father, his sister, his cousins—of whom his biographer was one, though some degrees removed, on his mother’s side—and to all his old school and college friends. Some of his letters are very amusing. He tells us, for instance, how at the Eton Montem of 1838, when the Queen visited Salt Hill, he was pressed by the throng against the wheel of the royal carriage, and was on the point of being dragged beneath it, when her Majesty, with ready presence of mind, held out her hand, which the boy grasped, and was so enabled to regain his feet in safety; but so great was his fright, that the carriage passed on before he could show any sign of gratitude. Again, he tells his father how gleeful he was at his step from class to class; and to his sister he writes informing her of what success the “Eton fellows” had in their cricket match against the “Harrow boys.” “We began our match by going in first. We got 261 runs by tremendous hitting; Harrow 32, and followed up and got 55; Eton thus winning by 176 runs—the most decided beating ever known at cricket!” And so of his college days, his first impressions of missionary life; his visits to the show places of France and Germany; his first voyage; his efforts among the islanders, almost down to the last day of his life, which ended so miserably, yet so nobly—for was he not at the post of duty, so often the post of danger?—before he attained his forty-fifth year! It would be easy to show how excellent a correspondent and how thoroughly good a missionary he was; easy to exhibit his many-sidedness, his affectionate nature, his tender care for others, his disregard of self; but, says his biographer—“What more shall I tell? Comments on such a life and such a death are superfluous: and to repeat the testimonies of friends, outpourings of grief, and utterances in sermons, is but to weaken the impression of reality!” We need only add that the memoir is adorned with two portraits—one showing Coleridge Patteson in the fresh beauty of his youthful manhood; the other, the grave, bearded soldier of the Cross, at almost the close of his career—in addition to a fac-simile of his handwriting and a map of the Melanesian islands.

*Lancashire Worthies*. By Francis Espinasse. (Manchester: Abel Heywood.)—Lancashire holds a high, and perhaps the highest, place in the history of British commercial progress. It was well, therefore, that Mr. Espinasse, well known for many years as a Manchester journalist, should give us biographies of its greatest worthies. Beginning with the first Stanley, Earl of Derby, he tells us all he knows—and tells it well—of Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter and founder of the Manchester Grammar School; John Bradford, saint and martyr; Jeremiah Horrocks, the Preston cotton-spinner; Humphrey Chetham, the founder

of the Library and Hospital; the Great Duke of Bridgewater, who made the canal that unites Manchester to Liverpool; John Kay, James Hargreaves, and Richard Arkwright—men who will be honoured through all time. In addition, we have notices of John Byrom, the poet-laureate of the Jacobites; John Collier, the author of the famous "Tim Bobbin;" and Booth, the actor. To Byrom, whose witty pen was never idle, and whom Warburton, the irascible, acknowledged as "certainly a man of genius," is attributed the celebrated epigram—

"God bless the King! I mean our Faith's defender;  
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!  
But who Pretender is, or who is King,  
God bless us all, that's quite another thing!"

John Collier was Byrom's contemporary, and shares with him the honour of Lancashire's contributions to English literature in the eighteenth century. "When," says Mr. Espinasse, "worthy Dr. Aikin published, some seventy years ago, his 'Description of the Country round Manchester,' the literary biography of the region was represented by memoirs of Byrom and Collier exclusively, nor does he seem to have been guilty of any glaring oversight. Both were humorists—Collier, however, more distinctly than Byrom; both wrote prose as well as verse, and they were about the first authors of any note—Byrom slightly, Collier conspicuously—to employ the broad, easy, and expressive dialect as a literary vehicle. In the eyes of their contemporaries, Byrom was far the most celebrated of the two." The "whirligig of time brings in his revenges," Shakspeare tells us, and it now happens that, "for one reader of Byrom's metrical theosophy, there have been, and there are, thousands of Tim Bobbin's 'Tummus and Meary.'" Since then Lancashiremen have cultivated verse and prose in the vernacular of the County Palatine till now we reckon them, not by twos or threes, but by dozens, with Edwin Waugh, still living, at their head. This poet has himself written a memoir of Collier, and corrected some errors in Baines's History of Lancashire concerning this worthy. It would, perhaps, have been as well had Mr. Espinasse omitted Booth from his list, and, instead, have included some of the county's later versifiers. Booth was certainly of Lancashire parentage; but he can hardly be esteemed as one of Lancashire's worthies. Dean Stanley has reminded us that the surname of this actor has acquired a fatal celebrity; but we think it has elsewhere been stated that Wilks Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, is not a descendant of the Booth who created the part of Cato in Addison's now forgotten tragedy. It would be easy to find fault with many of Mr. Espinasse's statements respecting the Arkwrights, the Stanleys, and others—for nothing is easier than fault-finding—but we prefer to take his book as it stands, and to pronounce it a painstaking, entertaining, and well-written production; only too brief in that it omits the mention of many worthies—the later dialect poets, the manufacturers, and the merchant princes especially—whom Lancashiremen are proud to honour and unwilling to forget.

*Sacred Anthology*: A Book of Ethnical Scriptures. Collected and Edited by Moncure Daniel Conway. (Trübner.)—Prefacing his works by an aphorism from Hesiod,—“The utterances of many peoples do not wholly perish: nay, they are the voice of God”—Mr. Conway proceeds to describe the purpose of his book as simply moral. There was no necessity, however, to quote the Greek poet by way of either justification or apology; for a very slight examination of the volume will show

that it is indeed a valuable anthology of the Scriptures of all races—a garland of beautiful passages from the writings of many authors, principally Oriental. Believing that such a collection would be useful for moral and religious culture, he has aimed at bringing together the converging testimonies of ages and races, and separating “the more universal and enduring treasures contained in ancient scriptures from the rust of superstition and the ore of ritual.” Of course he has omitted much that seemed local and temporary, but he has retained also many noble sentences highly venerated in the lands of their birth and not generally accessible to European readers. Under such headings as Law, Worship, Wisdom, Charity, Nature, Justice, Friendship, and Love, he has made large extracts from the Hebrew, Chinese, Persian, Arabian, Scandinavian, and Christian poets,—not omitting those wide fields of theological and moral disquisition, the Hindoo and Buddhist scriptures. It is curious to note the likeness or sympathy between many of the sayings of the early Indian and Hebrew poets: and it would almost seem as if some of the latter had borrowed from the former. We find, for instance, in the “Wisdom of the Brahmins,” many such passages as these:—“Devoutly look, and naught but wonders shall pass by thee; devoutly read, and all books shall edify thee; devoutly speak, and men shall listen to thee; devoutly act, and the strength of God acts through thee.” And in the Hindoo “Hitopadesa” such as these:—“Silence for the remainder of life is better than false speaking. Empty are all quarters of the world to an empty mind. Many who read the Scriptures are grossly ignorant, but he who acts well is a truly learned man.” And from the Chinese:—“Words are the key of the heart. A little impatience causes great trouble. Riches adorn a house, but virtue adorns the person.” And from the Persian:—“All nations and languages repeat the name of God. Yet cannot His praise be duly expressed by mortal till the dumb man shall be eloquent, the stocks and stones find a voice; and the silent universe rejoices in language.” Might they not have been written by David or Solomon?

Side by side with such extracts from ancient writers we have quotations from the Old and New Testament, so arranged, by simple omission of extraneous sentences, as to present a sequence of idea and language very easy to follow and understand. The extracts, though all of a moral character, are, however, by no means confined to the religious scriptures of the ancients. Many a quaint apothegm and amusing fact find their way into this Anthology. Here is one from the Persian:—“The philosophers of India once possessed a book so large that it required a thousand camels to bear it. A king desired to have it abridged, and it was reduced so that it could be carried by a hundred camels. Others demanded that it should be still more diminished, until at last it was reduced to four maxims. The first bade kings to be just; the second prescribed obedience to the people; the third recommended men not to eat except when they were hungry; and the fourth advised women to be modest.” Here is another quoted from Sir William Jones's Persian Fables:—“A raindrop fell into the sea. ‘I am lost!’ it cried; ‘what am I in such a sea?’ Into the shell of a gaping oyster it fell, and there became a beautiful pearl. Humility creates the worth it underrates.” With the following from the Scandinavian we must close our extracts:—“There was once a giantess who had a daughter; and this child saw a husbandman ploughing in the field.

She ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plough and his oxen into her apron, and carried him to her mother. 'Mother,' said she, 'what sort of a beetle is this I have found wriggling on the land?' But the mother said, 'Child, go put it on the place where thou hast found it. We must be gone out of this land, for these little people will dwell in it.'" The late Prince Consort happily versified this little fable under the title of

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

"The giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before,  
And played with all a child's delight before her father's door;  
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl would gladly go,  
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.  
And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scenes around,  
She saw a peasant at her feet a-tilling of the ground.  
'O pretty plaything,' cried the child, 'I'll take thee home with me.'  
Then with her infant hand she spread her kerchief on her knee,  
And cradling man and horse and plough so gently on her arm,  
She bore them home quite cautiously, afraid to do them harm.  
'See, father! dearest father! what a plaything I have found!  
'I never saw so fair a thing on all our mountain ground!' But the father looked quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,  
'What hast thou brought me here, my girl? This is no toy,' he said.  
'Go take it to the vale again, and put it down below;  
The peasant is no plaything, child! how could'st thou think him so?  
So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will,' he said;  
'For know, without the peasant, child, we none of us had bread.  
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are—  
The peasant is no plaything, girl; and God forbid he were!"

The poem, we think, is longer; but we quote from memory enough of it to show how closely Prince Albert followed the original fable. Many other equally pleasant and instructive Moralities will be found in Mr. Conway's "Sacred Anthology," which, with its index, list of authorities, explanatory notes, and chronological memoranda, is as complete and entertaining a volume as one would wish to read.

*Six Lectures on Light*, delivered in America, 1872-1873, by John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. (Longman and Co.)—Readers who take up this, Dr. Tyndall's latest volume, will recognize in it the same forcible style, and apt illustration, which was so conspicuous in the same author's "Heat as a Mode of Motion." Beginning with the most elementary ideas concerning the properties of light, these lectures take the student by easy steps through all the phenomena presented by beams of light under varying conditions; some of them very complex, and difficult to make clear to the uninitiated. It seems strange to us, now, that such a mind as Newton's should have failed to appreciate the undulatory theory of light, and have maintained against it the corpuscular, which, although it was competent to account for nearly all the phenomena observed, yet required the invention of some new principle every time that some newly discovered fact presented itself for explanation. On the other hand, the undulatory theory, pure and simple, leaves nothing unaccounted for, and has, even by theoretical considerations only, led to the prediction of certain phenomena not previously observed; but which, on experiment, were found to yield results exactly agreeing with those required by the theory. The Professor has been very careful to explain, with great minuteness, what should be understood by an

undulation; this is very necessary to be well apprehended, and, when properly understood, will smooth the way for much that follows, in the lecture on the "interference of light," and "diffraction." It was Dr. Young who finally placed the undulatory theory of light on a firm and enduring foundation, notwithstanding the severe strictures passed on his writings by Lord Brougham, in the *Edinburgh Review* of that day. These criticisms are worth reading, at this time (now that all which Young wrote has been proved true), as showing how much the Doctor was in advance of his time. In his fourth lecture the Professor explains the cause of the beautiful blue of our summer skies; an observed fact which it had long puzzled philosophers to account for; and goes on to show how artificial skies may be produced, and their identity with the natural one proved beyond doubt; that is, as regards the blue colour, namely, the presence of scattered particles in our atmosphere, small by comparison with the ether waves. To read these lectures, illustrated by diagrams, instead of listening to the Professor himself, illustrating with all his perfect experimental appliances, would, perhaps, be dull by comparison; but it so happens, in this case, that there are very few of the experiments recorded in the book that could not be performed, sufficiently well for the purposes of study, by an ingenious student, without any expensive apparatus: and although a principle may be well apprehended by the mind, the exact agreement of experiment with theory always serves to fix more vividly the truth of the law, and should always be resorted to where possible. The student who reads the text of these lectures, and makes for himself the experiments, will have a very good knowledge of the nature and properties of light.

*At Nightfall and Midnight*: Musings after Dark. By Francis Jacox. (Hodder and Stoughton.)—Intelligent, earnest, and indefatigable are the terms by which we may characterise the authorship of Mr. Jacox. He is evidently an industrious reader and a judicious annotator of his literature of the hour. We gather much from the work. He does not appear to have a very extensive acquaintance with what are called out-of-the-way books, but every volume he reads he reads thoroughly. Hence, when he undertakes to make a collection of elegant extracts on any special topic, we are satisfied that, as in this instance, the work will be thoroughly and conscientiously performed, and the result a really interesting and useful compilation. It is not every reader who has leisure, ability, or taste to select for himself choice passages from his favourite authors, much less method enough to classify and properly arrange them; but for most readers such a collection, when intelligently made, possesses an indescribable charm. In his present volume Mr. Jacox tells us what the poets and essayists have said about twilight and midnight; how they and their friends have mused in the sunset and the gloaming, rejoiced in the warm cozy room with the shutters closed and the curtains drawn; sat absorbed and watched the faces in the fire; found food for contemplation in the shadows on the wall; consolation or terror from the dreams of night. Taking a character from Dickens, Thackeray, or Bulwer, he shows what such a man or woman might have thought or said or done under peculiar circumstances, and then gives a few judiciously-made extracts to show what they did think, say, or do. In other chapters he tells us of the last words and the last looks of the dying, the thoughts of the sleepless, the nocturnal wanderings of the restless, the terrors of the

imaginative, the studies of the aged, the dead friends who visit us in the dark, and the night thoughts, fears, and fancies of poets and popular writers,—not by way of bald and detached passages, but strung together by a graceful thread of pleasant and appreciative comment. Mr. Jacox's last volume is an agreeable and appropriate companion to his previously published books, and, like his "Traits of Character" and "Aspects of Authorship," will be received with a warm welcome by all sorts of readers.

*Contemporary English Psychology.* Translated from the French of Th. Ribot. (Henry S. King and Co.)—We are not quite satisfied that Psychology is the right word under which to describe the writings of Messrs. John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes, and the rest of the Philosophers named in this volume. Would the once popular member for Westminster have so employed it? Did he ever discourse upon the soul? Has he not in his Autobiography almost said that he had no belief in souls? Are not the principles professed by Mr. Mill and his followers just a trifle too hard and practical for any dealings with the poetical Psyche? Mental philosophy, free-will, metaphysics, anything but the soul-science, would seem nearer and more applicable to Mr. Mill's philosophy. These questions apart, however, there is much in M. Ribot's treatise that will compel attention. Beginning with an inquiry into the origin of philosophy, the essayist discusses the association of ideas, the science of character, the law of intelligence, the growth of voluntary power, and other characteristics of the sensations, the senses, and the will; thence he proceeds to the history of philosophy and the theories adopted by the ancients and moderns, from Plato to Hobbes, and thence to the present time; discussing, as he goes on, the science of languages, of morals, and the metaphysical doctrines upheld by Descartes and the rest; of idealism and realism, motive and resolution, perception and imagination, consciousness and causality, logic and ethology, the reasoning powers, the appetites, and the instincts, concluding with the dictum that psychology can be and ought to be a distinct science; that the word "liberty" must be expunged from it—as an inexact term, and serving only to create confusion—and "aptitude" substituted for it, as all voluntary facts are subject to the universal law of causality. Though a little too profound for the general reader, this treatise will fitly take its place in Messrs. Henry S. King's "International Scientific Series," beside the "Mind and Body" of Professor Bain.

*Toilers and Spinsters;* and other Essays. By Miss Thackeray. (Smith and Elder.)—Very cheerful and pleasant reading are these Essays, collected from the *Cornhill* and the *Pall Mall*, where they have been accepted as the opinions of a really earnest and practical writer. Miss Thackeray's first paper, which gives its name to the volume, shows that, contrary to the common notion, old maids need not be melancholy, pining, restless women, but that there are for them many and varied spheres of usefulness, which the majority of the sisterhood are only too glad and ready to fulfil. Again, in "Little Scholars" we see how poor gutter-children are fed and taught by energetic and well-meaning ladies—the feeding generally more efficacious than the teaching. In like manner we have bright pictures of Country Sundays, Easter Holidays, and New Flowers, with gossips about Jane Austen's tales, Five O'clock Teas, Books of Autographs, and the contrasts between the earlier and later heroines of popular

fiction—all charmingly penned in the manner, though not consciously imitated, so familiar to everybody in "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes."

*Diamonds and Precious Stones:* A Popular Account of Gems. Containing their history, their distinctive properties, and a description of the most famous; gem-cutting and engraving, and the artificial production of real and counterfeit jewels. From the French of Louis Dieulaufait, Professor of Physics. Illustrated by 126 Engravings on Wood. (Blackie and Son.)—From time immemorial, diamonds and precious stones have had a peculiar and wonderful fascination for all sorts of people. They have a history and literature of their own. Though now used simply as ornaments, they were formerly supposed to possess medicinal and spiritual powers of remarkable potency: by their aid diseases were cured, calamities averted, and the demons of earth, air, and sea set at defiance. In the dim half-knowledge of the ancients, the alliance between religion and science was close and intimate; every part of man's body was believed to have a corresponding part in the world of nature, and thus it was that gems came to be regarded as having a real and abiding influence upon the actions of mankind and the fate of the soul. These notions, born in the East, travelled through Egypt to Greece and Rome, and ultimately permeated the whole civilized world. So it might be possible, says Babinet, to follow the history of gems through that of humanity; from the Ephod of Aaron to the Pastoral Cross of the Archbishop of Paris; from the offerings of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, in the temples of Jupiter, to the riches accumulated in what in the sixteenth century was called the Treasury of Christian Churches. Mythology, sculpture, and ballad history are full of references to precious stones and their symbolic value; and in the astrological formulæ that preceded modern chemistry we find special virtues attributed to the emerald, the sapphire, and many other scarce and brilliant gems. All this, and much more, is related in Mons. Dieulaufait's interesting little volume. The origin, history, modes of cleaving, cutting, polishing, and setting all kinds of gems are given in perspicuous detail, together with explanations respecting the manufacture of artificial jewels and means of distinguishing the true from the false; the whole amply illustrated with carefully engraved woodcuts, and forming a popular treatise on a subject which has undoubted claims to consideration.

*Master-Spirits.* By Robert Buchanan. (Henry S. King and Co.)—Justifying his title by a quotation from Milton—"Good books are like the precious life-blood of master-spirits"—Mr. Buchanan has reprinted some of his contributions to the "Fortnightly," the "Contemporary," and other periodicals, and asks the indulgence of the reader for any verbal blunders they may contain, on the valid plea that the state of his health "does not permit the laborious verification of quotations." We greatly regret that, as in the only chapter we have read—and read, we may add, with considerable pleasure—on the "Good Genie of Fiction," there are several statements that, with the later knowledge we all possess of Dickens's works, might have been advantageously modified. But this apart, who is there unwilling to read what a clever writer may say of Tennyson, Browning, Victor Hugo, and De Musset—to say nothing of what he has to tell us of George Heath and other obscure poets? Admirers of Mr. Buchanan—and we presume they are many, despite Mr. Swinburne—will accept this reprint thankfully. It is a handsome and acceptable volume.